

one of these conversations I heard mother telling one of the girls to care for me such as combing my hair, washing my face and to see that I wasn't hurt in any way. Well, the time came when I was taken to the Superintendent, Mr. Dankuard and his wife, Minnie, who was the girls' matron. Then my enrollment completed my mother left me to the school. Then supper time came. I was placed second to the smallest girl in the school. We were placed in sizes, the line of girls ready and in place we were told by the matron and with a motion of her hand to a door, we entered this door and were guided to the tables. There were four little girls on each side of a table and older girls at each end. One was my Aunt Jerdie and the other was Lizzie Hairy Back, a cousin. My feet did not touch the floor on the bench that I sat on with these girls. A prayer was said and I was told to wait my turn for the plate of food to be placed before me. I was swinging my feet back and forth under the bench I was sitting on stretching my neck to see where my relations were and smiling around with a grin on my face. I did not see the boys' disciplinarian coming back of me. He jerked my hair beads off my braids in a second, flipped me backwards off the bench, a scream was all that came out of me and all I remember was Aunt Jerdie holding me. If I could have I would have crawled inside of her and I'd still be screaming. From that day on I moved in fear of everyone and I couldn't trust anyone. This move made on me by Mr. Furry never did leave me, if my heart was weak he would have killed me. What he did with my hair beads, with my eight dimes I'll never know. Then through the fear, tears and gagging on the buggy food I finally learned to read, write and learned to count. After three years I was a teacher of the chart class and the first grade, as I had reached the fourth grade early.

Then I was taken out of the boarding school and I went to the day school. The school was called the Sunny Side School and I also attended the 101 Ranch Day School. The fourth grade was the highest grade the Ponca School gave. At the Sunny Side School I played basketball because I found out we could take part. In 1914 at 13 years of age I was sent to Chilocco. Knowing that I was in the fourth grade for a long time when I was